John Berglund

“Well, crap. It pains me to admit it, but apparently, I have passed away. They said it might happen one day, but that was simply not something I wanted to hear, much less experience. Once again, I didn’t get my way.”

This is what we expect John would say if he were here. And if stubbornness could cure illness, he’d be sipping margaritas on a beach in Ixtapa right now. But alas, even the most determined man can’t beat pulmonary fibrosis, which is what took him from us on Wednesday, May 21, 2025.

John was born in Regina, Saskatchewan, on March 13, 1949, to Lavern and Ilene Berglund. While he had fond memories of growing up there, the cold was never part of the charm. He sought warmer pastures early on – first to Swift Current with his bride, then to Calgary, where he flourished working for IBM and Coca-Cola (yes, he was once the guy with the briefcase and a tie). He followed that up by starting his own concrete patio furniture business (?!) before venturing into oil and gas, which was much more lucrative.

After selling his company and attempting to retire at 37 (humble brag), he relocated his family to beautiful Victoria. But the man wasn’t done. In the early ’90s, he was introduced to land development in Phoenix, Arizona, which conveniently doubled as an escape hatch from Canadian winters. When Arizona eventually felt too chilly (a very John thing to say), he moved even further south – to Ixtapa, Mexico – his undisputed happy place. And yes, margaritas were involved. Many. And repeatedly.

Sadly, John has moved on to the great clubhouse in the sky. Before his final tee time, he blazed a 76-year trail of laughter, generosity, compassion, wisdom, and suspiciously convenient “naps.” He was world-renowned for his quick one-

liners, which could disarm a room faster than a tequila shot. His wit will be sorely missed but never forgotten. If you knew him, chances are he made you laugh. Or cry from laughing. Or cry when the joke was at your expense. Either way, you laughed.

John is survived by his amazing wife of 54 years, Linda; his daughter Lara; son Brian; daughter-in-law Brooke; two granddaughters, Ella and Addison, who inherited his smarts, sass and sweetness; his in-laws, Don and Lesley Billsborough; and best friends Jeff and Mickey Millar. Also, his elder siblings Karen and Jim, who are still a bit annoyed he was the funniest one.

- He is also survived by a legendary list of favorites:
- Working with Brian (and occasionally pretending to be the boss)
- Reading anything not on Oprah's list
- Travelling – preferably where shorts are acceptable year-round
- Golfing, watching golf, watching Rory McIlroy winning the Masters (finally!!!)
- BBQ'd filet mignon, good red wine, great company
- Mexico (have we mentioned that?)
- Mariachi music and margaritas (again, worth repeating)
- Marina Del Sol, walking the beach, whale spotting, and more napping
- Casa Bahia, Lalo's and Deborah's Restaurant, where he was Señor Juan, a favorite "regular" in every sense
- A good cup of coffee and oatmeal for breakfast, followed by – you guessed it – a nap
- New car smell and the view from his backyard
- Family get-togethers, preferably with a toast and a punchline

He was a great man, but a terrible handyman. When something needed to be fixed, his philosophy was "I can pay people who like doing that".

John was blessed with many wonderful friends and a very comfortable life, in which he'd often remark, "we sure are lucky", even though he was a man who made his own luck.

In the end, John passed peacefully on a beautiful evening, surrounded by his family. We're confident he's now golfing again, reunited with dearly missed friends, and finally hitting every fairway and sinking every putt – because heaven doesn't have sand traps.

We already miss him terribly. But with a lifetime of happy memories we laugh through the tears, knowing that's exactly what he'd want.

Raise a glass (margarita optional but preferred), tell a joke, and think of John.

And remember: if he can come back and haunt you, he absolutely will. Probably with a one-liner.

A celebration of life will take place in the Sequoia Center at McCall Gardens, 4665 Falaise Drive, Victoria, BC, on Saturday, July 12 at 2:00 pm. Non-local friends and family will be able to join virtually.

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens
www.mccallgardens.com

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